

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. I.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

No. 19

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp. U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson. U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett. Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly. District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott. Deputy Clerk—Walton D. McNair. U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup. Surveyor General—W. L. Distin. Register—John W. Dudley. Receiver—Roswell Shelly. Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff. Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga. Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cudihoe, Circle City; —. Snook, Dyea. Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar. Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson. Assistant Agent—William Hamilton. Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

### CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey. Special Deputy—W. P. McBride. Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews. Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kariak; J. F. Sinnot, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau. Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Auldin. Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofsted, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny. Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

## M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA. Will practice in all the courts of the state.

## DR. V. McALPIN

DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

## A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

## WEBSTER BROWN

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

SURVEYORS

OFFICE: Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

## City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.

CANDY.

S. STROUSE, Prop.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel.

No. 208 Front Street.

### NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

Read the News.

## Directory of Religious and Benevolent Societies.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

Organized, Jan. 19, 1897. OBJECT, to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful in the service of God. OFFICERS, L. H. Wakefield, President; Adolph Stark, Vice President; Rev. C. Thwing, Secretary; Mrs. L. H. Wakefield, Treasurer. MEETINGS, Every Sunday, 7 p. m. at the church. Everyone welcome.

### YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Organized, Feb. 10, 1897. Incorporated, March 30, 1898. OBJECTS, To join young men in Christian effort and mutual help, in good fellowship, study and sport; and to promote their development and culture in body, mind and soul. OFFICERS, Loyd Young, President; Clarence Thwing, Vice President; Geo. T. Williams, Secretary; George Shakes, Treasurer. MEETINGS, First Wednesday evening of each month. Amusement Hall, 636 Front Street. Reading Room and Circulating Library at Seward House, in rear of 309 Front Street. Membership fees: Sustaining Members, \$5.00; Annual members, \$2.00 a year. Payable in advance.

### GOSPEL MISSION SOCIETY.

Incorporated, May 3, 1898. OBJECT, To present the gospel of Jesus Christ to the unsaved, especially to the non-church going classes, at the Mission rooms, on the street, in saloons and so on. TRUSTEES, A. Stark, T. J. S. Pelky, F. P. Loomis, H. S. Loomis, A. T. Whitcomb. MEETINGS, First Monday evening in the month. Free Reading Room, 429 Front Street.

### LADIES AID SOCIETY. ORGANIZED, Aug. 4, 1898. OBJECTS, Mutual acquaintance, co-operation in church work and the help of any good work approved by the society. OFFICERS, Mrs. George H. Barnes, President; Mrs. A. G. McBride and Mrs. C. Thwing, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. F. Roundtree, Secretary; Mrs. W. G. Thomas, Treasurer. MEETINGS, First Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the parsonage, and otherwise as arranged from week to week. MEMBERS, Any ladies living in Wrangel, who sign the constitution of the society and pay 25 cents initiation fee.

### The Horrors of Ashcroft Trail.

The Canadian government has not acted with the usual British promptitude in going to the rescue of the miserable victims of misinformation who are dying on the Ashcroft trail. The awful sufferings of strong men driven mad by the desperation of their condition should make utterly ashamed those contemptible newspapers which ridiculed the generous instinct that prompted the sending last fall of relief to Americans in Dawson, who, it was feared, might be in danger of starvation. Better to have wasted ten thousand dollars in the offer of help which was not needed than the indifference and penuriousness which are responsible for the awful scenes described by one who wrote the warning message: "No grub, no hope; hell can't be worse."

It may be too late to offer any rescue to those who are dying like dogs or committing suicide in crazed despair; but the attempt should be made, and if the Canadian government were inspired by the same spirit which sent out the relief expedition to Americans on the Klondike last year, the attempt will be made.

It is impossible to locate responsibility for the misfortune. Nothing was known absolutely about the route, but the story got abroad that the lakes and rapids of the Yukon and the suffering on Skagway trail could be avoided by the Ashcroft route. It was assumed that the land was fairly level, and that, being sheltered by the hills, provision would be found for cattle and horses. As a matter of fact, the whole country is found to be a series of mossy bogs, interspersed with almost impenetrable forests. The Indians have no doubt made conditions worse for the purpose of being paid as guides, but they have an antipathy to intruders, and they have succeeded in giving that route such a name as will keep white men from it for many a day.

Although it may be the duty of the Canadian government to take action, there are so many Americans in danger that the United States should promptly offer co-operation. Public action is needed; let us act as we would wish others to act were we in the awful condition those unhappy prospectors now are.—P-I.

### Thirst for Knowledge.

"Pa!"  
"Oh, be quiet!"  
"Pa!"  
"Well, what is it?"  
"What did the Dead Sea die of?"—London Sporting Times.

## HOW TO LIVE TO 101.

Don't Eat Too Much, Be Quick to Rise. Fresh Air and Exercise.

### NINE GOOD REASONS.

Mrs. Phoebe Crabbe of Norwalk, Conn., recently celebrated the one hundred and first anniversary of her birth. The old lady finished the first year of her second century with a sound mind and healthy body. Indeed, she said quite seriously today that she intends to learn to ride a bicycle.

Mrs. Crabbe can read without using spectacles. She is fond of talking and talks well, having none of the garrulity of extreme old age. The World correspondent suggested to her today that some good advice from her might help to prolong the lives of her countrymen.

"There are nine reasons why I have lived to be 101 years old," she said.

"I come from a long-lived family, the Weeds. I am one of seven children, and all of us except one lived to be 90 years old.

"I have never taken any strong drink, except, perhaps, a sip of hot toddy on a cold night. Strong drink shortens life. I have abstained from it so that I would not set a bad example to my boy, Cy, here."

Her boy Cy is Captain Cyrus E. Crabbe, a bronzed and weather beaten seaman, 70 years old, whose home is in New York City.

"I have never used tobacco or snuff," the old lady continued.

"I have always eaten sparingly. People eat so much nowadays that they die shamefully young.

"I have always been fond of fresh air and exercise.

"It hasn't made me very wealthy or wise, but I have always been early to rise. Why, when Cy's father was a young spark, courting me, my mother made him leave the house at 9 o'clock, so as I could go to bed. This late courting is killing to young people.

"I have never had any serious disease. The way my mother trained me made me healthy, and I've done my best to keep healthy.

"I've never worried much about anything. Worry makes you look at trouble through a magnifying glass. Take things as they come.

"I've read my Bible regularly, so I'm ready to go when the good Lord calls and," she added, smiling, "I'll be glad to tarry as long as He wants."

Mrs. Crabbe has outlived most of her relatives, of whom only seven were present to celebrate with her today. But her neighbors flocked to her picturesque house on Merwin street. Rev. Mr. Samuel Scoville, pastor of Stamford Congregational church; Rev. J. G. Davenport, and Dr. L. R. Hurlbutt, on behalf of her friends, presented a handsome loving cup to Mrs. Crabbe. A friend sent a bottle of rare old wine to baptize the cup, and the happy old lady moistened her lips with the wine.

Dr. Hurlbutt, her physician, was the spokesman, and warmly congratulated her on reaching an age so ripe.

"And just to think, doctor, how long you have attended me," she jokingly retorted.

We knew a man once who was so practical in his religion that he refused to pay a note because he had discovered that "Jesus paid it all" and he thought his note ought to be included. . . . We have heard hundreds of men express words of sympathy for a cripple. We have never seen one that wouldn't beat him in a horse trade. . . . Men will go to more trouble to keep a man they don't like out of office than they will to assist a friend in getting one. There's a small streak of Indian in all of us. . . . Don't you suppose there's a snicker around the great white throne when a husband and wife join forces to put up the pipe for the heating stove in the same room that has the motto "God bless our home" on the wall?

Love at first sight often causes the victims to wish they had consulted an oculist.

A man who is able to speak six languages may be unable to think of anything worth saying.

Send the News to your friends back East.

David Ward and Gov. Pingree.

A year or so ago Governor Pingree and Railroad Commissioner Wesselius sat side by side in a car, on their way to Lansing. A number of the political friends of the Governor sat near by, and Mr. Pingree took advantage of the opportunity to air his views concerning corporations.

"Now, take our millionaires," he went on. "We have lots of them—men with plenty of money and credit, but at heart very cheap. For example, there's David Ward. That man is worth \$20,000,000, but did anyone ever hear of him giving a dollar of it for charity? Not much. The bulk of his property is outside the city, yet we have to force him to pay the comparatively small assessment. He is a miserly old skinflint."

Presently Wesselius had occasion to leave his seat to talk to a man in another part of the car. A little old chap with bent form and wrinkled face, had sat near the Governor during the talk, an attentive listener. He now left his seat to move over and slide into the vacancy left by Wesselius.

"I think that you are the governor," Mr. Pingree began, insinuatingly. "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, but I have seen your pictures."

"Yes, I am the governor."

"Well, I want to say, Mr. Pingree, that I have listened closely to what you have had to say about corporations and millionaires, and I heartily agree with you."

The Governor was tickled at this and at once launched out into a general conversation. They touched on the corporations again, and various other matters, and the Governor was surprised to find that his companion was a delightful talker, fully informed upon a wide variety of topics, witty, even brilliant. The Governor actually was told something that he had not known before. During the conversation he had occasion again to bring up the name of David Ward.

"I know him well," said the old gentleman. "I have been acquainted with him for many years, and have had several business dealings with him, and can say truthfully that I have found him all you can say, and even worse."

Finally the train pulled into Lansing and all arose to leave.

The Governor held out his hand to the old gentleman. "Dear sir," he said, "I have enjoyed this hour of talk with you. You are a sensible, and I have learned a great deal from you. You are a man after my own heart. I hope that at some future time we shall meet and renew the acquaintance. Do you live in Detroit?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And may I ask your name?"

The old man leaned over, his face assumed a serio-comic expression, and, as he looked the Governor squarely in the eye, he said, in a slow drawl, in the quietest of tones, his eye beaming:

"My name, sir, is David Ward."

Detroit Free Press.

### Nothing Funny About It.

One time, in a city, somewhere, an editor stood at a railway station watching a party going away. Those who were going were a young woman and her husband, to whom she had just been married. They were going thousands of miles away and were not expected to return for years. The bride was a lovely young woman, the pride of her home and greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her mother was not at the station to see her off. Somehow she preferred to say goodbye to her daughter in the privacy of her home. But the father was there. Fathers are made of stern stuff. They are not supposed to have much feeling. By and by the train came, the bridal party walked down the platform, accompanied by the father and followed by a crowd of young people of the town, who threw rice over the party and shouted merrily at them, and the father of the bride helped her on the platform of the car and then he took her in his arms and kissed her goodbye; and the crowd below showered more rice over them and laughed gleefully. And the editor, standing back of the crowd, looked up and saw that father trying to smile as he turned from his daughter and not succeeding very well; and there came to that editor a thought of the mother waiting in her home, and the girl going out into a new life, in a strange world, and somehow he didn't appreciate the humor of the situation. He felt about as funny as he did a few weeks before when he stood beside an open grave and heard a widow cry out: "Oh, William, will I never see you again?" And he turned away with a lump in his throat. —Osage City Free Press.

A Snake Story.

From the Southern home of Senator Quay comes the following letter from a veracious correspondent:

"Being an ex-soldier and having only fifteen months to serve to acquire a title to a quarter section of land, I went to Florida in 1885 to put my plans into execution. Not being posted as to the land-marks, I had to hire a settler to locate the land for me, and as we had to go about eight miles through woods, over bad roads, with no bridges, we went horseback, and in crossing a stream I noticed that my friend's horse's tail caught in an old pine stump, pulling a hair from the tail and leaving the hair fast to the stump.

"As you know, a horse hair will turn to a snake when in water, and I made up my mind to watch that particular hair. So, after locating my land and getting a log house built, I took my gun and started out on a hunt, and during my rambles I came to the stream that my friend and I had crossed, and, sure enough, there was the horsehair snake as big as my thumb and over four feet long. As he was fast to the stump I let him alone and continued my hunt, bagging some quail, a rabbit, and two squirrels, which gave me a good mess of fresh meat. As I was very busy for the next three weeks, I had no time to visit my pet snake, so you may judge my surprise when on my next visit to find the snake as big as a stovepipe and over forty feet long. As I was going to cut a log rolling the next week I kept my secret so that we could have some fun after we were through our day's work. I got everything ready and sent out my invitations. My friend that showed me the land came with the rest of them and told me that his horse was lost or stolen. We all pitched in and on a good day's work and had a good dinner. I told them my secret and we went to the branch. You can imagine our surprise when we found the snake as big as a saw log, with a bulge in the middle as big as a sugar barrel.

"Well, to make a long story short, we killed the snake and cut him open, and my friend's lost horse tumbled out. We thought the horse was dead until he commenced to move, and soon ran around all right, and my friend rode him home. I have heard a great deal about horsehair snakes, and this is the only instance I know of where a horse was swallowed alive by a hair from his own tail.—Baltimore American.

### A Reminiscence.

A good many years ago, when the western part of Iowa was not so thickly settled as it is now, the pioneers were a very sociable people and at the "gatherin's" would frequently resort to some new expedient as a mirth-provoker. It was on one of these occasions in a little village in Clark county that some of the fun-loving young folks proposed a mock wedding. A young lady was selected for the bride and the important post as bridegroom fell to the only man who could muster courage enough to undertake the ordeal. A newly elected justice of the peace was pulled out of the crowd to perform the ceremony and after a very brief service and amidst the shouts of mirth, the couple were declared man and wife. After the laugh was over other sports were introduced and the evening passed pleasantly to its close, the wedding being nearly forgotten or only remembered as an incident of the evening's pleasure. But, when the older heads learned of it they declared that by all the laws of the state of Iowa the couple were truly man and wife.

Now of course my narrative should either disclose the fact that this couple were lovers and chose this way of evading the old man or that the emotion begun in jest became earnest and they lived together happily ever afterward, but they did no such thing. They paid no attention to this play marriage, but went ahead and each married again, which we now consider a very sensible and matter of fact way out of what some people would have considered a difficulty.

Murder and suicide are a disease which exists, not in the victim, but in the body polity of nations.

Some people go around most of the time as if the whole weight of the universe rested on their shoulders, when it don't.

We notice on every hand certain signs of distress among the male population of Fort Wrangel as the season of housecleaning approaches.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

HERRIDGE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

We should not condemn Spain too severely. Her onions are good.

The Brooklyn is noted as a racer and her commander has proved himself a fine cruiser.

Among the spoils of war there will be also a considerable quantity of spoiled barbed wire fencing.

"Fighting Bob" Evans is not a college graduate, but he frequently confers the title "B-I-G" upon himself.

Dewey did them on Sunday and so did Sampson and Schley—Sunday is the great day in the American calendar.

By the way, what does Rudyard Kipling now think of "the big, fat republic whose entire seacoast is bound to be ravished in the event of war"?

From their kindly manifestations we gather that our British friends know a band wagon when they see one, and know also what to do when it draws near.

One of the Eastern universities has made President McKinley a doctor of laws. The doctor, we believe, expects to practice for a while on the Spanish laws in Cuba.

The rescue of every passenger and the entire crew of the burning ship Delaware off Barnegat light strikingly recalls the Bourgogne disaster; it was so different.

The old phrase, current in Europe a hundred years ago, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," is respectfully commended to Spain as an explanation of certain recent events in history.

The Spaniards asserted at the time the Maine was destroyed that discipline was so lax on American vessels that such "accidents" were apt at any time to occur. American sailors have given a pretty fair refutation to that slander.

Lieut. Hobson of Merrimac fame is said to have given an order several months ago to a news-clipping bureau for all newspaper mention of him. As these are now being collected at the rate of about \$40 a day it is to be feared the gallant lieutenant will find himself a bankrupt when he comes to pay the bill.

They have just decided in England that if a man marries his deceased wife's sister in a colony, where such marriage is legal, the union will be regarded as legal in the British Isles. Our English cousins have a good many claims to our favorable opinion, but we still have a lingering notion that in some respects they are just a trifle slow.

The immense and growing business of the great lakes is one of the extraordinary incidents of our national progress. Nearly 20,000,000 tons of freight passed into and out of Lake Superior last year, its value being a shade under \$220,000,000. This was an increase on the preceding year of 25 per cent. The proportion carried in Canadian ships was only one-thirty-eighth of the whole, the fraction diminishing year by year.

The military authorities have done well in this war for setting the standard of physical qualifications of the recruit so high, for physical endurance is the foundation of a good army. The surprisingly small amount of sickness among our forces in Cuba—small considering the trying climatic conditions to which they have been exposed—is, no doubt, due in large measure to the sound constitutions of the men composing them.

An American in Hamburg recently made the acquaintance of a retired army officer, with his wife and little son. The boy had just entered a military school and wore a uniform. On one occasion, writes the American, the mother punished the boy for some misbehavior, when he suddenly took off his coat saying, "You may strike me, but you must not strike my emperor's coat." Does the American flag receive as loyal respect at the hands of American schoolboys?

The tax dodger violates every principle of the social compact and defies every principle of justice. He seeks the protection of a Government the expenses of maintaining which he refuses to assist in paying. The fact that the tax rate is always too high can only justify everyone in seeking to reduce it, not to dodge it, and the man who dodges it because his opportunities to do so are better than those of his neighbor, whose burdens he increases by his dishonesty, is an anarchist and defies the laws as much as the loud-mouthed declaimer who advocates overthrowing the Government.

When the Oregon was so gallantly making its way up the South American coast to join the fleet in Cuban waters

many apprehensions were felt for its safety. It was feared that Cervera's fleet, then skulking about in the Caribbean Sea, would evade our fleet, get outside, and attack and destroy the Oregon. Captain Clark, however, kept on his course, and the first message which came from him was: "Don't tangle me up with instructions and I will take care of myself." From the way in which the Oregon took care of itself in the Santiago fight and took care of some of the Spanish vessels also there can be little doubt that if Cervera's fleet had ever run across him on his way to Florida he would have whipped the entire outfit.

There are a few misbegotten Americans who are impressed with the belief that the American volunteers would not be able to hold their own with the trained regulars of Europe. This belief has been shattered, and most happily, too. The plains and hills around Santiago tell the story. Outnumbered, the volunteers fought an offensive battle, and that's a terrible handicap of itself, against trained European soldiers behind breastworks; against men who were acclimated; against even the elements, for a tropical sun and tropical rains are more terrible than cold lead; and in the face of all they drove these trained European soldiers back, and back, and back, until they were almost within the gates of Santiago and under the protection of a fleet the pride of Spain. Small wonder, then, that the Americans rested and withdrew for a time, without a single soldier of this trained lot to follow them, even a single step. But there is another case in history where the Americans met the trained soldiers of Europe. That was more than a hundred years ago, when some hired Hessians were brought over here. They were supposed to be the best fighters in Europe, real deers for fighting. And what was their fate? An army to fight must be actuated by patriotic sentiment sufficiently deep to stir the blood, to quicken the pulse. It must be actuated by something else than mere mechanical love of fighting. And these the American volunteer army has in the highest degree, and against it the trained soldiers of Europe can not prevail.

The Cleveland Leader has been interviewing the census reports and presents some facts in regard to the proportions of native and foreign born citizens that ought to clear away a great deal of misapprehension. It shows that in 1880 41,046,264 inhabitants of this country were native born and wholly of native parentage. Only 3,094,263 were born of one foreign and one native parent, and only 17,011,781 were of foreign parents. Of these 17,000,000, about half were born on American soil. By nationalities 4,142,100 were Irish, 3,770,180 German, 1,330,123 English, 933,158 Scotch, 163,832 Welsh, 503,236 English Canadians, making the British element about 2,400,000, or more than all the Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, French and Russian and Austrian Slavs together. Of Swedes there were 604,401, of Norwegians 550,227, of Danes 164,440, or a total Scandinavian population of about 1,500,000. Of other nationalities it appears that the Russian element leads with 248,163. The Bohemians numbered 205,395, the Italians 236,008, the French 177,007, and the Hungarians 69,701. Other minor foreign elements numbered 961,000. The only unpleasant feature about this presentation is that the Germanic or Saxon-Celtic and Scandinavian elements, which are easily assimilated, no longer form so large a proportion of the immigration as formerly. Slavs, Hungarians and Italians have been sweeping in in numbers so large that the census of 1900 will show a much larger proportion of these elements than the 1880 figures.

The Iron Age, the organ of the iron and steel trade, one of the leading trade journals in the land, says editorially: "Manufacturers are taking great interest in the progress of mechanical education. Evidence to this effect is continually coming to light in the proceedings of the various manufacturers' associations. The students of the manual training schools are making their impress in numerous lines, and employers cannot help expressing their gratification at the manner in which the standard of every craft is being raised by the superior intelligence which has been thus infused into the mass. While the benefits of the training schools are shared both by the students and by those who become their employers, it is believed that the latter should display in a more practical way than hitherto the deep interest felt by them in the success of this system of improving our mechanical trades." It is manual training, practical, technical and commercial training, that has enabled Germany to push her products into all quarters of the globe, in spite of the greater natural endowment of the American and Britisher for manufacturing and trade. West of us lies the Pacific ocean, to the development of whose commerce all eyes are turning. To whom will fall the lion's share of this vast trade is largely a question, not of armies or navies, but of commercial initiative and business capacity. Whether the portion of the United States shall be large or small is solely a question of brains, since the advantage in location is ours already.

## SKIRMISH IN CUBA—DRAWN FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.



—Chicago Times-Herald.

### ENLISTED AS A PRIVATE.

Louis H. Carpenter Has Now Risen to Brigadier General.

One of the most striking examples of the democracy of the United States army is presented by the career of Louis H. Carpenter, who entered the army as a private and has risen to be a brigadier general. Carpenter was at the University of Pennsylvania in 1861, when he was seized with the war fever and enlisted in the regular cavalry. Within six months his soldierly qualities won him a commission as second lieutenant in the regular cavalry. Before the civil war closed he was repeat-



LOUIS H. CARPENTER.

edly brevetted for bravery displayed in campaign and on the field of battle—to first lieutenant 1863 for "gallant and meritorious services at Gettysburg," captain 1864 for "gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Winchester," then lieutenant colonel United States army and colonel of volunteers for "gallant and meritorious services during the war."

He was in nearly all the cavalry fights of the Army of the Potomac. In the battle of Fairbaird, near Gettysburg, he rescued and brought off the field the colors of his regiment when the regiment was surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy. His bravery was so conspicuous that General Sheridan, one of the greatest cavalry commanders in history, called him to his side as one of the most trusted officers of his staff. After the war of the rebellion he returned to his regiment and again became conspicuous as an Indian fighter. At the beginning of the present war he was made a brigadier general and put in command of the brigade made by the famous Fifth Maryland Regiment, the crack First Regiment of the District of Columbia and the celebrated Second New York Regiment of volunteers.

### How Slate Pencils Are Made.

Slate pencils undergo a number of processes before they are ready for use, and in making them nearly all of the manual labor is done by boys. First broken pieces of slate are put into a mortar run by steam and are crushed to a powder, which is then bolted in a machine such as is used in flouring mills. A fine slate flour results, which is thoroughly mixed in a large tub with steatite flour and other materials, the whole making a stiff dough. The dough is kneaded by being passed between iron rollers a number of times, and it is then taken to a table, where it is made into short cylinders four or five inches in thickness and containing from eight to ten pounds of material each.

Four of these cylinders are placed in a strong iron retort which has a changeable nozzle so that the size of the pencils may be regulated. In the retort the material is subjected to great

hydraulic pressure and is thus pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord. As the cord comes through the nozzle it passes over a knife and is cut into the desired lengths. The lengths are laid on boards to dry and are then placed on sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation preventing the pencils from warping during the baking process. The baking is done in a kiln which superheated steam is passed through pipes.

The pencils go from the kiln to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are held for an instant under a rapidly revolving emery wheel, which neatly points them.

Finally they are packed in paste-board boxes, 100 pencils in each box, then 100 of the paste-board boxes are packed in a wooden box, and they are ready for shipment. — Philadelphia Times.

### Chat of the War.

Spain has 50,000 Gypsies.  
Patti made her debut in Cuba.  
Prisco to Manila—4,000 miles.  
Cádiz to New York—2,800 miles.  
Key West to Havana—ninety miles.  
Spain has 28,022,000 inhabitants.  
Great Britain is building 108 ships.  
Russia's common soldier gets \$2.25 a year.  
Our daily output of powder is 16,000 tons.  
Cuba has 16,000,000 acres of virgin forest.  
War has doubled the price of army horses.  
"Prisco Chinese are making soldiers' clothes."  
During our civil war there were 3,125 battles.  
Italy's war department utilizes \$45,000,000 a year.  
Cuba has 1,631,000 inhabitants; Philadelphia 1,350,000.  
Prior to the war the annual net revenue of Cuba was \$80,000,000.  
Every Spaniard is liable to be called to military service on attaining 20 years of age.

Police in Boston have been instructed to salute the flag whenever it is carried past them in a parade.

A Cuban insurgent, in order to get cigarettes, risked death by going into a town with Spanish soldiers.

A Salt-Laker who writes poetry first-rate thinks there was a Merry Mac in the White House when the news came that the Santiago bottle had been corked by that coal ship.—Philadelphia Record.

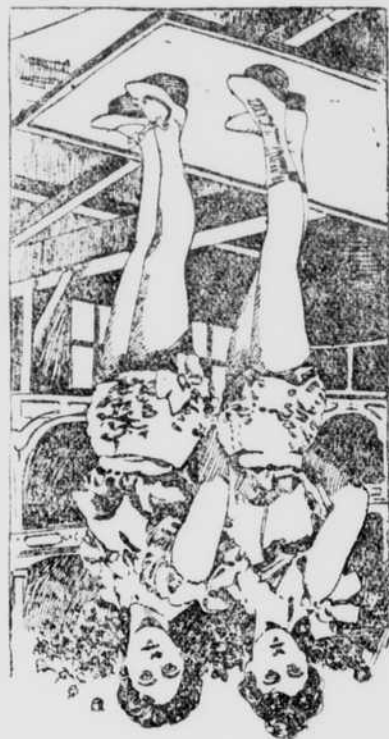
### Peculiar Spanish Custom.

It is to be feared that this government has caused a boom in the manufacture of Spanish death cards. In

### THEY WALK ON THE CEILING.

Two Heiresses with Inherited Love for Gymnastics.

Perhaps the most daring performance to be seen in all the many places of entertainment at Coney Island, New York, is that given by two girls, who seem to be altogether out of harmony with their surroundings. These are the Austin sisters, each of them refined, well educated and of charming personality in every way. Their home is a beautiful place at Bath Beach, L. I., where their parents live. The latter are persons of good manners and



WALKING ON THE CEILING.

easy deportment, many years of travel in all parts of the world having given them the indefinable polish which your stay-at-home can never hope to attain. Mr. and Mrs. Austin were trapeze performers since early childhood. In the course of their professional journeyings they met and married, traveling and performing together for years. Unlike many others in the same business, they took care of their earnings, increasing the same handsomely by several judicious investments. When their two daughters were still little girls they retired and purchased their present home at Bath Beach.

The two children were sent to a first-class school in Brooklyn, from which they recently graduated with marked credit. From their earliest childhood they were carefully trained by Mr. Austin, his object being to develop their frames so as to make them healthy and hearty young women. In this he has been entirely successful, but the training the girls received in the spacious gymnasium at Bath Beach also developed the love for such exercise, which they inherited from their parents, and last fall they obtained permission to prepare themselves for public appearance. Now they show daily in a daring trapeze act and also as ceiling walkers. The latter performance is especially thrilling.

The girls make a charming modest picture when seen together dressed for their act. Almee, the elder girl, has a great mass of chestnut hair, beautiful blue-gray eyes, and an exceedingly dainty appearance. Marie, the younger, a real beauty, was born in Vienna. Her eyes are dark and she wears her hair pompadoured over her face. The girls are attended by their father at all performances.



SENT TO DECEASED'S ACQUAINTANCE.  
Spain they are sent in all classes by the relatives of a person who has died to all his acquaintances. They are double sheets, eight by ten inches. On one side are printed the remarks of the bereaved survivors.

### London Fog.

A London fog absorbs 11 per cent. of the rays from an ordinary gas lamp, and 21 per cent. of those from a lamp with an incandescent mantle.

No one who is compelled to buy it, is very fond of champagne.

Some people have a good time, but it is in a fool way.



## VULTURES IN WAR.

Flock to the Fields of Battle to Prey Upon the Dead and Dying.

The part played by the vulture, or turkey buzzard in the war in Cuba is not so well understood by the soldier boys from the North as it is by those from the South, said Frank N. Jordan, a Chicagoan, who formerly lived in Charleston, S. C. This thought occurred to me upon reading some of the recent reports of the war correspondents concerning this bird of evil omen. Reports from the battle before Santiago July 1 say that thousands of vultures could be seen soaring in the air above the dead, wounded and dying, in a hurry to get at their prey. The other soldiers did not desert the men whose strength gave out, but lay down on the ground and with their revolvers kept the buzzards away from their suffering comrades until the latter were picked up and hurried out of reach of the rapacious birds.

In the Southern States the people are familiar with these birds and their habits. Turkey buzzards are the scavengers of Southern cities, and are so useful in this respect that they are protected by law. There is a sharp penalty attached to the law forbidding the killing or wounding of the buzzards.

The buzzard has long since been voted a great success as a sanitary inspector. Not only in Southern cities, but in oriental towns and villages, as I have read, sanitary precautions, so far as garbage is concerned, are utterly ignored, for the problem of its removal and purification has been solved by the vulture. The turkey buzzard, which is the species of the vulture family known to the Southern States and Central America, has prodigious strength of beak and claws and it can tear and strip a carcass, leaving nothing but the clean-picked bones, in a phenomenally short time. It seems to have the strength and rapidity of the wolf or hyena.

I have noticed in the letters telling us of the battles at Santiago and vicinity that in many cases scores of our brave boys were reported missing after an engagement. The bodies of many must have become prey to the buzzards. With their telescopic eyes, these vultures can see a fallen soldier, horse or mule from distances that render themselves invisible. So impatient are they with hunger that they begin their attack even before the man or animal is quite dead, and so sharp is their sight that a vulture which first discovers prey is soon joined by others, until at last

sets in before the half of them can be put underground. The results to the survivors would soon be as deadly as the weapons of the enemy were it not for the vultures, which are sure to come when they are wanted. As their supply of food must necessarily be very uncertain, the vulture is able to endure hunger for long periods. The strength of its stomach is equal to its capacity, for a case is known where one devoured a half-pound pot of arsenical soup without suffering much inconvenience afterward.

## MOUNT ATHOS.

A Lovely Spot from Which Women Are Excluded.

One of the most romantic spots in Europe, though one of the least known to people generally, is Mount Athos. This is the name given to an immense and magnificent promontory, which runs about forty miles into the Aegean sea, from that grand peninsula of Macedonia called Chalkidee.

For more than 1,000 years Mount Athos has been considered the Holy Land of the great Russo-Greek Church. It is impossible to express the veneration and affection with which millions of people regard this locality. It is in



MOUNT ATHOS.

the power of the Turks. Twenty magnificent and wealthy convents are scattered over this lovely promontory, which is a mountain garden in the sea. Some of these establishments contain over 200 monks, and nearly as many servants. Their riches are mainly derived from splendid estates in Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Serbia. For many hundreds of years no woman has ever been permitted to set foot anywhere in Athos. The fact is the more remarkable because extreme honor is accorded to the Virgin Mary in all these monasteries. It is related, and implicitly believed by the monks, that the Virgin Mary herself originated the exclusion of her own sex from the sacred soil of the place.

sword he makes sure that the sword will come exactly crosswise on the needle; consequently, when the sword reaches the needle it can go no farther, and the brittle nature of the potato will cause it to fall apart, the very thin portion below the needle offering no resistance to the separation.

## DISCOVERIES IN LEAP CASTLE.

Eleventh Century Structure Found in an Early English Structure.

A Birr correspondent writes that a series of interesting "finds," just discovered in the historic Leap castle, have been shown to a number of visitors. The first and most important was an eleventh century stone spiral staircase springing from the first floor level and terminating at the summit of the great tower, 100 feet high. This relic of a remote past is in a splendid state of preservation. The finely cut stone steps are laid with mathematical accuracy and are large, like the passage itself. The O'Carrolls, princes of Ely, whose chief stronghold this castle was, were all big men—in fact, a race of giants—as the few relics of them extant attest. Hence the reason why everything about the castle is large.

The second "find" is an entrance to the guard room cut out of the rock, and which was up to the present believed to be a mass of solid masonry. Here numerous bones, coins of the reign of Edward the Confessor and other relics were found. Human bones in large quantities, flints and spear heads were also found in the extensive range of dungeons which have been brought to light beneath the castle, these curious prison-houses being rock-hewn, and their existence having been previously unknown to the owner of the castle and lord of the soil, Jonathan G. Darby. This gentleman is the descendant of the royal house of O'Carrolls of Ely, whose family have remained in uninterrupted possession of the Leap for many centuries.

The present owner, aided by Mrs. Darby, has put into a complete state of preservation the ancient chapel, an apartment twenty-five feet square and high, which is on top of the tower, and here has been discovered a very large and fine early English window, which from its great elevation commands a view embracing eight counties. A little below this is a remarkable room which none of the servants will enter after nightfall. It was the state bedroom of one of the princesses of Ely.

## RAGGED BUT BRAVE.

Cuba's Tattered Army Is Made Up of Heroic Men.

Probably there was never an army like the Cuban. It includes all ages and conditions of men and boys; some with bare feet and in rags—very scant tatters at that. There are few who look as if they had not been very hungry for a long time. If the spirit of freedom could have been crushed out of their souls as strength has been starved out of their bodies there would be no Cuban army to-day. But, with all their suffering and sacrifice, writes a correspondent at the front, here they are, physically inferior, but brave in spirit, eager and glad to fall in line, and



CUBAN IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

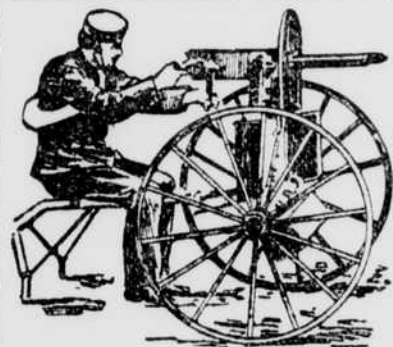
hopeful as never before, for they feel that at last the decisive blow is to be struck for Cuba libre. There could hardly be anything more pathetic than these long lines of Cubans, ready to march to the front—dark-faced, white-haired old men, handsome, slender boys, with dark, wistful eyes—all quiet, serious, even sad—so unlike the American soldiers—vigorous and cheerful, with a freedom of thought, expression and action that has never known repression.

It was at Guantanamo that a naval officer said to me: "When we came down here we were not enthusiastic over the fighting qualities of the Cubans. But we really knew nothing about them, or the actual conditions under which they have struggled for three years. These conditions could not be described; a man must see for himself to realize what they are. I do not believe the Anglo-Saxons would have held out against such odds. Washington's army at one time, perhaps, endured something like equal hardships. These Cuban men and boys have lived on what they could pick up, with no pay, no clothes, their families hiding in the woods, living on roots, like half-starved animals. But with all—they fight bravely. We find them honest and grateful. Even in the ranks there are finely educated men. Their rough life has given them something of the bandit appearance. But they are gentlemen."

## GALLOPING GUN CARRIAGE.

Much Lighter than the Maxim Model, and Wonderfully Efficient.

The Earl of Dundonald has invented a galloping gun carriage that has been tested with gratifying results. One of the principal merits of the carriage is its extreme lightness. Built of steel and of the same width as the service pattern, its weight, inclusive of gun and ammunition, is less than 400 pounds, whereas that of the ordinary Maxim carriage is upwards of 900 pounds. As a result of the lessened weight only one horse is required instead of two, while a single man can, if necessary, move the carriage for considerable distances with very little fatigue. The shafts, made of hickory and steel, are easily detachable. A notable feature of the invention is a rotary ammunition



THE NEW GUN CARRIAGE.

carrier, which has capacity for 1,250 rounds; while all-around fire is possible without changing the position of the carriage. Lord Dundonald contends that the use of the gun carriage will lead, among other things, to considerable economy in men, since two guns can be worked by three men, one of the latter holding the horses, while his comrades fire.

## Rise of the English Language.

We all know, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that the English language has been growing at a remarkable rate during this century, and that it has been spreading over the whole globe. But few, however, really comprehend how rapid this growth has been. At the opening of the century French was spoken by 31,000,000 people, German by 30,000,000, Russian by 80,000,000, Spanish by 27,000,000, En-

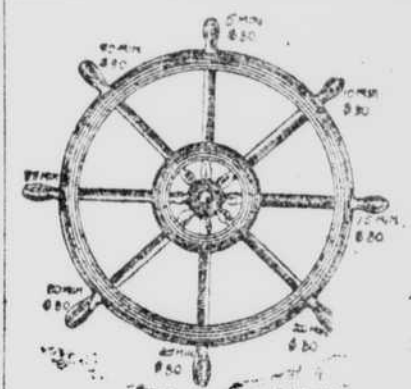
glish by 21,000,000, and Italian by 16,000,000. To-day English is the language of 130,000,000, French of 45,000,000, German of 70,000,000, Russian of 75,000,000, Spanish of 35,000,000, and Italian of 25,000,000. In other words, during the present century English has not only risen from the fifth place to the first, but has gained enormously on the rest in relative magnitude, expanding from about 13 per cent. of the total to over 30 per cent. With this increase of the English speaking people the language itself has kept pace. Concurrent with this growth of the language there has been an equal, if not greater, increase in knowledge. Three hundred years ago one man could know all there was to be known. To-day one man can know thoroughly only one small branch of one science. This increase of knowledge has been most rapid during the last part of the present century. More than any other cause, the progress of modern invention and science has brought about an enormous extension of the language. Thousands of technical words and expressions now in common use would never have been coined but for the innumerable parts of the never-ending list of new inventions in mechanics and discoveries in science. In no better way can this rapid increase in knowledge, and thereby in the number of words used, be realized than by a comparison of the first reference works with those of the present day.

## MADE IN 55 A MINUTE.

Alaskan Pilot Who Operated a True Wheel of Fortune.

W. L. Foster is the name of a citizen of Alaska who purposes to buy a few shares of stock in a street car company for which he acted as driver last August. The change in his fortunes which permits this is due to the fact that he has been acting as a pilot for \$200 per forty minutes' work.

The White Horse rapids are in the path of those who seek Dawson City and the Klondike gold fields. Foster has acted as pilot through them. They are extremely dangerous, but he has al-



WHEEL EARNED A FORTUNE.

ways taken steamers through them safely. The job occupied about forty minutes, but he was paid according to his skill and not according to the time he consumed. Two hundred dollars was given him by the steamer Bellingham, carrying the representatives of the Canadian national bank to Dawson to establish a branch. Foster has since made enough money to go into banking himself.



Germany has 5,782 associations of turners, with 378,103 members.

It costs about \$1,000 to build an electric car of the kind now in use in Paris.

Building still goes merrily on in Berlin, although there are 20,000 vacant houses.

Manufactories are taxed much higher in Italy than in Germany, Belgium and England.

England has about 15,000 packs of fox-hounds, and about 15,000 horses are kept specially for fox hunting.

Paris has an official rat-catcher, who has, during the last thirty-five years, caught about half a million of these animals.

Two Swiss foresters killed two eagles. In and near their nest they found remnants of chamois, marmot, rabbit, cat, weasel, and even a mouse.

Germany contributes only 140,000 marks a year in support of schools in her colonies, while France and England spend millions in that direction.

In consequence of a strike Milan had to go twenty-four hours without gas or electricity. The city bought 5,000 candles and put them into the gas lamps.

The names of the 105 battles are emblazoned on the banners of the various regiments which form the British army. But many actions of great importance are not so commemorated.

During the siege of Paris no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in fifty-four balloons, dispatched between the 10th of September, 1870, and the 28th of January, 1871.

A visitor to the Turin exposition writes that that city, with its many electric cars and general bustle, gives the impression of being an English or American rather than an Italian city.

## PART PLAYED BY VULTURES IN WAR.



the carcass is almost covered with the birds.

In civilized warfare the victors always search the field of the battle, rescue the wounded and bury the dead, whether they be friends or foes. But many are reported "among the missing." Save the buzzards find their prey. In savage or partially civilized warfare the dead of the vanquished are intentionally left by the victors to be devoured by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

A curious phenomenon in regard to vultures is that they seem to be able to locate the scene of a battle before the fight takes place. One of the most curious examples of their astonishing instinct was observed in the Crimean war. In the neighborhood of Sebastopol the vulture was a very rare bird, from the same reason which has made it extinct in England, lack of food. Yet the war had hardly begun to assume a serious aspect when the vultures arrived in largely increased numbers and fed upon the dead horses. Whence did these vultures come? Many came from Northern Africa, for the Arabs declared that during the war very few vultures were to be found in the places where they usually abounded. Many also appeared to have come from Asia, as the same phenomenon was observed in several parts of India.

Just as sharks follow a slave ship, so do vultures accompany a slave caravan and the legions of battle, knowing that many of the captives and the slain will in some way become their prey. Vultures were the great scavengers in the English war in the Sudan. By scientific men they are regarded as the chief of earth's purifiers. Even when all the dead combatants on battle fields are found and buried the bodies of many animals remain. These carcasses are so bulky, so numerous and so difficult to bury that decomposition always

Mount Athos proper is a beautiful peak of white marble, which soars up at the very end of the promontory far out at sea. It reaches a height of nearly 7,000 feet. Running back from this apex is a range of lovely hills, often thickly wooded, and in some places nearly four miles wide, which diminish in height more and more towards the base of the promontory. In various romantic nooks of these hills the twenty ancient monasteries are scattered. Some are perched on these cliffs, in almost inaccessible positions, and others nestle in the woods.

## SAFE WHEN DONE RIGHTLY.

How a Potato May Be Split Open on the Naked Palm of the Hand.

Among the several medium-sized sound potatoes on a tray, according to the Scientific American, the juggler places two potatoes prepared as follows: Insert a needle crosswise of the potato near the bottom. After showing the sword to be really sharp, by cutting paper and slicing one or two of the potatoes, the performer picks up one of the prepared potatoes and places it on the assistant's hand; but apparently it does not lie to suit him,



CUTTING ON THE HAND.

so he slices off one side of it, using care to cut away the side just under the needle and as close to it as possible, then places the potato once again on the assistant's hand. After making a few flourishes with the sword, he cuts through the potato, dividing it in half. In striking the potato with the

who was murdered six centuries ago by her lord, and the solid oak floor retains the bloodstains of the royal victim. This part of the building is reputed to be haunted, and Mr. and Mrs. Darby, who do not believe in ghosts, admit that they cannot account for the extraordinary noises that occasionally come from the death chamber of the murdered princess, and which make it nearly impossible for them to retain their female servants in their employment. The manifestations are reputed to take the form of shrieks, which resound and reverberate through the building and set all the dogs in the kennels whining and barking.—Leeds Mercury.

## Fecundity of the Fly.

A fly's eye, it is generally claimed, is made up of numerous minute eyes, which enable it to see in all directions from any position. The blow fly will hatch 20,000 young ones in a week. The eggs, or larvae, are found in the fly's abdomen. They are in layers and rolled like a bolt of cloth. Some of them which entomologists have succeeded in unrolling were found to be two and one-half inches in length.

## A Home-Thrust.

"You women are much like Spaniards, after all."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when you aim you never hit anything."

When a woman can't find any place else to put a thing she holds it in her mouth.

A young man's sweetheart is now known as his "leech."

A woman who cries a great deal, is usually a great kisser.

After marriage it's sometimes a case of two fools with but a single thought.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS

A. G. JONES, CHAS. A. HOPP  
Editors and Publishers.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Fort Wrangel,  
Alaska, as second-class mail matter.

TERMS: In Advance.

One Year \$3.00  
Six Months 1.50  
Three Months .75  
Single Copies .10  
Foreign Postage must be Prepaid.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

### TO THE BOUNDARY LINE.

The Casca Makes One More Trip. Capt. Gray and His Guests.

"Yes, navigation is practically closed for this season," said Capt. Gray of that splendid steamer Casca, "but we are going up as far as the boundary line if possible. Join our little party, for I have invited a few friends to go along."

This kind invitation included the wife and baby of the writer and on Thursday evening we took possession of one of those beautiful staterooms on the Casca for the night, and the next morning bright and early the boat was making good time toward the mouth of the majestic Stikine. The Casca is a fast traveller and though heavily loaded scooped through the water at a lively gait. The breakfast table gave us a chance to invoice our crowd. At the head of the table of course, sat Captain Gray. His looks, by the way, are very deceiving. He has been commanding boats so long that to one not acquainted with him, he appears stern and unapproachable, but he is the very opposite. Kind, obliging, full of fun and so thoroughly full of music that a good jolly song is liable to break out of him at the most unexpected moment. He has a guitar with him on the boat and it will be a long time before we forget Captain Gray and his guitar. Manager Hickey, who is also chief engineer of the boat, is an old timer in Alaskan waters. His reminiscences of twenty-five years ago are very interesting. He has made a number of trips to London and it is enjoyable to hear him tell of that wonderful place. Purser Hickey, son of the manager, is a young man with a good record for business and looks after the financial matters of the boat in a satisfactory manner. T. A. Grant is the Captain's mate and will no doubt be a commander before long. Steward McNeil is a quiet, unassuming fellow who knows his business and would suit any crew or passenger, who enjoyed good eating, and especially, good coffee. There are stewards and stewards, but few that will compare with McNeil. He will never have trouble in looking for a job, for the boat owners always want men of his make and pattern.

There is Strong and his charming wife, of the Alaska Hardware Co., Mrs. Hamilton and daughter, Mrs. Romer and daughter, the writer, Mrs. McBride and Miss May McBride. Hello! There comes "Chips" Cole and Mr. Hunter, who are going to the boundary town on business for the Hudson's Bay Co. We never could find out why Cole was called "Chips." There is no resemblance between the two. These two helped to make the time pass swiftly along.

Mr. Richards, the deputy collector at the boundary, was also a passenger on the up trip. He has been up there all summer. His office was in a tent and only a few steps from the Canadian port, where the mounted police stayed. Mr. Richards was formerly from Whatcom, Wash., and is a No. 1 man. No doubt when Collector Ivey returns, Mr. Richards will get a better station. He deserves it.

By the time we reached Cottonwood island, at the mouth of the Stikine everybody had partaken of a good breakfast and the best coffee we ever got on board of a boat, and then sight seeing was the program until we reached our place of destination. The water was low, very low, and it was only with the greatest care that Capt. Gray was able to take his boat, loaded with hundreds of tons of freight, up the river. A few times the boat ran onto a sand bar, but the delay caused thereby was but for a few minutes. Once the boat ran onto a snag and the force of the reverse wheel failed to float the boat, but by a little manipulation—a kind of a sleight of hand performance—by Capt. Gray, the boat was soon out in the channel, steadily pulling up the stream.

The sight of the beautiful glaciers on either side of the river, was what delighted the women passengers. The handsome blue color of the glaciers was by the female passengers discussed and finally resulted in agreeing that some one might have poured some blueing over it.

The engines kept puffing away, and every turn of the wheel was bringing us nearer "Her Majesty's Domain." Now perhaps you think that in going up the river the engines puff the lever and away we go, without a slow up or a stop until we get to the landing place. But that is not the way it is done. Very little of the distance is run at full speed and the slow or stop bell is sounded very often. Then in all shallow places soundings are made by one of the sailors and it is by the exercise of such great care and caution on the part of Captain Gray that the Casca, after the season's run up the river, is practically as good as new. We were having a splendid time going up the river, but our real nice time was ahead of us yet. It was while unloading at the boundary that we were to have the most of our enjoyment.

We arrived at the boundary on Friday afternoon and remained there until Sunday. The four women, three children, Captain Gray and his guitar, the officers of the boat and Mr. Strong and his shotgun made a combination that was hard to beat, and the time at the boundary was most pleasantly spent. On Saturday the women picked a couple of buckets of cranberries and the writer and Mr. Strong tried to get some game. The women were successful—we were not. But those songs of Captain Gray's. Anything you wanted from the most sacred to the "nigger" melody.

The trip home was made in a few hours. The boat was light and skipped along with the assistance of the current at a very rapid rate. It was the expression of all that the trip could in no manner have been pleasanter. If you want to hear something good about the Casca and her officers, just talk with any of those who went up on this trip we have so feebly described.

Silhouettes, By the Old man.  
(Sitka Alaskan.)

In the issue of Sept. 19, I asked, not of any one in particular, but of the general public, how long the Custom House scandals were going to exist in this place. Right here I might repeat the question. Being from a child, of an inquisitive turn of mind, (I remember, when about six years old, sitting the leather of a pair of bellows to see where the wind came from), I like to enquire into the causes and effects of events and not rush headlong into print on mere hearsay. Following this habit I have ferreted out one or two strange facts in relation to the above named scandals.

In my last writing I made no accusation of theft against any one simply because nothing was stolen, but I rebuked certain parties for the littleness of their offense. Since that writing I learned that two of the Customs employees, who were discharged, demanded an investigation of the charge made against them and this the Acting Collector positively refused. This demand bears on the face of it proof of innocence. No one committing a crime, however small, seeks an enquiry into his conduct. Now the question arises—if these employees are guilty why not prove it by a thorough investigation? If they are innocent, why were they discharged? Aye, there's the rub. The real truth of the matter is that, in my way of thinking, the accused parties are too upright and honest to be retained in the service so they had to get lost they might know too much and tell it abroad.

One more question, when was the new customs law passed authorizing the chief officer to collect twenty-five cents on each trunk passing over the Government wharf, and to what account is the collection passed; that is to say what becomes of the money thus extorted? It seems to me that the public has a right to ask for a reply to these queries.

### NOTICE.

GEORGE A. PRITCHETT, Deceased.  
Pursuant to the Trustees and Executor's Act, notice is hereby given that creditors and other persons having any claims or demands upon or against the Estate of George A. Pritchett, late of Glenora, Cassiar, B. C., who died on the 7th of September, 1898, Administration of whose estate and effects was granted to James Porter, of Telegraph Creek, Cassiar, and Duncan McKinnon, of Wrangel, Alaska, by the will of the said George A. Pritchett (deceased) dated the Twenty-Seventh day of June, 1895, at Wrangel, Alaska, are hereby required to send in writing the particulars of their claims and demands to the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon, at their residences aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of November, 1898. And notice is hereby given that, at the expiration of the above mentioned day, the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon will proceed to distribute the assets of the said George A. Pritchett amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon have then had notice, and the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed, to any person of whose claims the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon have had no notice at the time of the distribution.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1898.  
(Signed) JAMES PORTER,  
(Signed) DUNCAN MCKINNON,  
Administrators of the Estate.  
Date of first publication Sept. 28, 1898.

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## FORT WRANGEL.

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## THE Fort Wrangel News

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The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

## FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

Remember the....

## Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL

## FIFE-ALASKA CO.

224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in General Merchandise

SUBSCRIPTIONS  
ONE YEAR \$3.00  
SIX MONTHS 1.50  
THREE MONTHS .75  
Advertising Rates  
ON APPLICATION  
THE  
ADVERTISING MEDIUM  
OF  
SOUTHEAST ALASKA  
FIRST CLASS  
"JOB WORK"  
A SPECIALTY  
SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

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READ THE

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## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

This company's New, Large, Fast and Elegant Steamers leave and arrive as follows:

Leave	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Due	Leave	Leave	Due	Due
San	Puget	Wrangel	Dyea &	Sitka	Sitka	Wrangel	Puget	San
Francisco	Sound		Skagway				Sound	Francisco
Oct. 3	Oct. 7	Oct. 11	Oct. 14		Oct. 19	Oct. 22	Oct. 25	Oct. 29
" 13	" 17	" 21	" 24	25	" 25	" 28	" 31	" 3
" 18	" 22	" 26	" 29		" 25	" 28	" 31	" 3
" 23	" 27	" 30	" 31		" 25	" 28	" 31	" 3
" 28	Nov. 1	Nov. 4	" 7	9	Nov. 5	Nov. 8	Nov. 11	Nov. 13
Nov. 2	" 6	" 10	" 13		Nov. 9	Nov. 12	Nov. 15	Nov. 18
" 7	" 11	" 14	" 17		" 15	" 18	" 21	" 23

The above dates are only approximate. For further information obtain folder. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, Steamer's sailing dates, and hour of sailing. AGENTS—MCKINNON WHARF & FORWARDING CO., WRANGEL; Sitka, Ed. DE GROFF; Skagway, F. A. TWITCHELL; Supt. for Alaska, H. F. ROBINSON, Juneau; N. POSTEN, Portland, Ore.; D. F. TROWBRIDGE, P. S. Supt. Seattle Wash.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., GEN'L AGTS, San Francisco, Cal....



## TIDE TIME TABLE.

(Seattle Time.)

OCTOBER, 1898.	
HIGH.	LOW.
12-11:50 a. m.	6:46 a. m.
11:45 p. m.	5:31 p. m.
13-12:1 p. m.	5:48 a. m.
	6:11 p. m.
14-1:3 a. m.	6:24 a. m.
12:32 p. m.	6:46 p. m.
15-2:37 a. m. (New Moon)	6:59 a. m.
1:3 p. m.	7:24 p. m.
16-1:45 a. m.	7:35 a. m.
1:35 p. m.	8:4 p. m.
17-2:57 a. m.	8:10 a. m.
2:9 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
18-3:12 a. m.	8:48 a. m.
2:44 p. m.	9:29 p. m.

### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Fresh Limburger Cheese at Case & Wilson's.

Go to W. J. Sully for good wood, any length.

Doc Holiday, of Juneau, was in the city last Thursday.

Choicest confectionery in town at 322 Front street, Hunt Grocery Co.

W. J. Sully has a large supply of dry wood for sale, at moderate prices.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. at 322 Front street.

Extra copies of the News are on sale at the Hunt Grocery Co. and S. Strouse's Tobacco Store.

Fresh ranch eggs, guaranteed fresh just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. 322 Front street.

Mrs. Thwing made the News office a short call last Monday and left the printer a substantial token of her good will.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

Ben Olsen, who brought the Capela to this place, has gone to Seattle to arrange for the future command of the boat. During his absence Mr. A. J. Amundson is in charge of the vessel.

Mr. S. Barber took the Glenora down to where the Mono was on the rocks, last Monday. Capt. Armstrong was in command. Mr. Robert Reid was a guest on the trip. She had not returned at the time of going to press.

The opening of the Y. M. C. A. Reading Rooms last night, was well attended in spite of the heavy rain. There was a good literary and musical program that was much enjoyed. A splendid lunch with hot cocoa was served. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

Mr. H. M. Stowe has retired from the newspaper business in this city. He will probably return to Marion, Ohio, soon, to renew his acquaintance with his family, whom he has not seen for a year or more. Mr. Stowe will leave many warm friends in this city who will hope he may return.

Charles Le Moine, Capt. Jarmin and six others, came down from the upper Stikkeen yesterday. The trip was made in small boats. They belonged to the Samson snag boat crew, and were above blasting out snags and cutting off overhanging timber. The Samson left for Victoria several days ago, and this part of the crew will go down on the next Victoria steamer.

### RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The Alaska Sent to Relieve the Glenora and her Crew, if Necessary.

Elsewhere mention is made of the Glenora going to where the Mono was wrecked, and the distance being but thirty miles, and now gone for three days, the friends of the crew and passengers are feeling uneasy over the prolonged delay in returning. A relief expedition was organized yesterday, and early this morning the Alaska, Bell, Captain, with a good crew, started down toward the place where the Glenora is supposed to be. She will probably not return until after the News goes to press.

### SWEPT OVERBOARD.

Fate of the Captain of the Capela. Ben Olson's Nerve.

The Capela, a fishing schooner from Seattle, arrived in this city last week. Ben Olson brought the boat to this city alone. Nohattel, the Captain, was lost by being washed overboard, while coming through Queen Charlotte's sound, and the third man was so badly injured that he had to be taken back to Seattle on the Parallon on her last trip down. The Capela was on her way to this city to engage in halibut fishing this winter. Olson was constantly at the wheel for two days and two nights, and got his boat safely to this place.

### GOOD-BYE.

A Farewell Send-off to Two of Fort Wrangel's Young Ladies.

It has been known for some time that the Misses Nelson and Kellner would leave this place for the sound cities soon, and the lady members of the Wrangel Club gave them a farewell party at the home of Miss Keefe, last Thursday evening. Games was one of the pleasant features of the evening, in which all participated, and in the matter of enjoyment was only second to the sumptuous repast that was provided. Those present were Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKeand, Miss Hunt, Miss Nelson, Miss Kellner, Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. Walton, Mr. Collins, Mr. Crean, Mr. Arnold, Mr. H. M. Stowe, Miss Maud Manderson, Miss Keefe, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Merrill, Mr. Cresap, Dr. Campbell, Miss Sparhawk, A. G. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Deppy.

### The Sabbath School.

The officers of the Sabbath School, elected last week for the closing quarter of the year, are as follows: Superintendent, Miss Ada A. Sparhawk; Assistants, W. B. Colp and V. Cleveland; Secretary, G. A. McCulloch; Librarian, Miss Nellie M. Green; Treasurer, Mrs. F. E. Cagle; Chorister, Mrs. W. J. Broderick. The teachers are Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. Sundmacher, Mrs. Thwing, Mrs. Broderick, Rev. Thwing and Miss Sparhawk. No change has been made in the hour of meeting, 2:30 p. m. Sunday, and the attendance is increasing in spite of many removals. A banner is being prepared by the Ladies Aid Society for the class having the best average attendance for three months.

### The Marshal's Sale.

The sale of the Skagit Chief and Glenora took place on the boats down by Shake's island, last Thursday noon. Marshal Grant was the auctioneer, and he performed his part well. The Skagit Chief was the first to be sold, and was bid in by Mr. Manning, of Tacoma, for \$20,000. This amount will not near pay the claims against the boat. The Glenora fared better. Mr. S. Barber, purser of the Mono, after a half hour's bidding, became the purchaser at \$3,775. The boats are worth much more than the amount for which they were sold, but of course would not bring their value at a forced sale. The attorneys for the libellants will probably ask that the sale be not confirmed and that a second sale be had, but we think the chances are in favor of confirmation.

### The Gospel Mission.

A meeting of the members of the Gospel Mission Society was held at the residence of Dr. Thwing last evening. The reports of committees shows that a suitable lot on Front street has been bought and paid for, and that there is in the treasury the sum of fifty dollars for the erection of a building thereon. This sum however, being inadequate, will not be used until the further sum of fifty dollars shall have been collected. One hundred dollars is considered necessary to erect the walls and roof of a suitable building.

A vote of thanks was tendered those who have already kindly contributed. Any further contributions of money or building material will be thankfully received.

Miss Sparhawk was elected a member of the society.

Liberal donations have been received from T. J. S. Pelky of Juneau; Hon. K. M. Jackson, Miss E. M. Stevens and others.

### The Y. M. C. A.

The officers of the Young Men's Christian Association have entered on their fall campaign with commendable zeal and a good appreciation of the needs of the town. The debts incurred by the former secretary, for improvements at the Association Hall (amounting to \$25), have been paid off, and over \$30 additional secured toward current expenses. Another stove has been put up in the game room at the hall and fuel and lights provided to make the rooms warm and cheerful.

A new departure has been made this week in the opening of a branch of the Association in a more central part of the town. Rooms have been rented in the Seward house, made attractive with new wall paper, pictures and so on, and thrown open to the public as a free reading room, with a reception room and Librarian's office adjoining. Books, newspapers and periodicals have been donated as a nucleus of what promises to be a first-class circulating library and reading room. A good beginning has been made and work outlined in which all our citizens may have a share. Donations of good reading matter are solicited and funds are needed to carry on this enterprise which is creditable to the Association and the community and deserving of a cordial support.

### A GAY LOTHARIO.

Cape Fox Jim in the Tails of the Law. An Indian Who Loves Wine and Women.

Tuesday morning a News man stepped into Judge Jackson's court room and things seemed lively enough there. Three natives were before his honor for disorderly conduct and they were all found guilty and severely fined or sent to jail. Judge Jackson is generally pretty severe with the evil doers and the Indians are all afraid of him. The Judge took the right course in dealing with them and really has but little trouble, when the number in the city is considered.

Included in the three Indians before his honor was Cape Fox Jim, who gets his name by hailing from Cape Fox, down near Methakahla. Jim is about fifty years old, and wears a constant grin on his face. Always watch a "smiler." While Jim was charged with disorderly conduct, in plain terms it would be, getting hilariously drunk and "raising Cain" generally. Jim's wife was brought to the court room as a witness and another Klootch was also there to speak of Jim's evil ways, but he shut out all that evidence by pleading guilty and the Judge fined him \$35, including costs and Jim promptly paid it.

Cape Fox Jim has had his share of the cares and pleasures of this life thus far. He not only likes wine, but women as well and between the two he has had many heartaches. Several years ago Jim came to Wrangel, traded some blankets for a twelve or fourteen year old girl and got her into a boat and started for his southern home, but the missionaries wouldn't have it that way, and the girl was given her freedom. Jim's love for women was not so easily subdued, however, and he soon got another girl with whom he lived for some time. Jim's taste is to be admired and he always selects something young, bashful and dreamy eyed. Some six months ago he grew tired of his girl-wife—he fell deeply in love with a Fort Wrangel gem. She was young, had a good complexion, a smile that was bewitching, and large, luscious, dreamy eyes that fairly paralyzed Jim the first time he saw her. Then her name no doubt had some fascination for Jim. Think of having a Klootchman called Schwan. Jim opened negotiations with the parents of Schwan and finally gave ten blankets for her. This was more than six months ago. As stated, she was in the court room to testify against Jim. She seemed pleased when told she might go. How much love she has for Jim we don't know, but Jim is dead in love with his wife and he watches her awful close. Jim wouldn't have paid his fine if it wasn't that he thought someone would get away with her. He was fined twice before—had hundreds of dollars in money, but served out his fine in jail.

### Birthday Party.

Master Jno. Duncan McKinnon's fifth birthday was celebrated last Monday at the McKinnon residence. The parents of Master John made the occasion a pleasant one for those present, who were: Clara Tait, Eugenia Lamoureux, Mary Sundmacher, Greta Harvey, Hazel Whitney, Paulina Goodwin, Lorna Romer, Edith Hamilton, Etolin McKinnon, Fred Whitney, Roy Hamilton, Clinton Goodwin, Clyde Cagle, Lawrence Cagle, John Duncan McKinnon.

### You Must Have Them.

A full supply of paper, envelopes and writing material at prices to suit the buyer at the Wrangel Drug Co.

### Notice to Creditors.

Before K. M. Jackson, United States Commissioner for the District of Alaska, holding court at Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

In the matter of the estate of Shu-stack, an Indian, formerly called Hish-ta-day, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Shu-stack, an Indian, formerly called Hish-ta-day, deceased to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to present and exhibit them together with the necessary vouchers within six months after the fourth publication of this notice, to the undersigned administrator at the office of Henry Drum & Co., in the town of Fort Wrangel, in the District of Alaska, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in said town of Fort Wrangel.

Dated at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, this 12th day of October, 1898.

C. H. SUNDMACHER, Administrator of the estate of Shu-stack, an Indian, formerly called Hish-ta-day, deceased.

First publication Oct. 12th 1898.

The finest stock of Perfumery ever brought to Fort Wrangel at the Wrangel Drug Co. They are overstocked on this article and you can get a low down price.

# FORT WRANGEL ALASKA

## A Growing Young City, Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikkeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.



# THE FAMILY STORY



## A MAINE SURVIVOR.

THE civil war had been over just ten years when (Glory Price was born.

They called her Glory because, when her soldier father had, with awkward tenderness, first taken the warm little bundle into his one arm, he had glanced up at the bullet-riddled flag that always hung above the family mantel and said softly: "Margaret, I nearly gave my life for 'old glory' and you all but gave yours for baby; suppose we call her little Glory?" and the gentle mother had answered: "All right, John; she shall be our little Glory."

The neighbors had said it was a silly sort of name; that Harriet or Susan or even a fancy name like Rose would have gone beautifully with Price; but they for their parts never knew a child with such a fool name and come to any good, and they one and all hoped that she would be true to her name and not come to an inglorious end; but it was

homestead, Glory thought him the handsomest and bravest looking man she ever saw.

Before he left he had won her promise to be his bride upon his return, and, laughing at her fears, assured her that sending the ship was only a precautionary measure, and his absence would not be long.

It was a sweet and sad parting, their happiness so newly found, their separation so soon.

"I am my darling," he said, tenderly, "to fight for the old flag if necessary, and then my reward will be the sweetest Glory that ever was given to man. You will be true to me, will you not, dear, and God grant that I come back to you soon," and, not daring to trust himself further, the strong man passionately kissed the tear-stained face and was gone.

She could not shake off the strange foreboding that would not leave her until her father joyously asked why find-

port you, and probably not himself," interposed her mother.

"No, mamma, I have thought of that, but it is no burden to care for those we love, and I am strong and young, besides our great and generous Government will find some niche for the wife of a Maine sufferer to fill; I am not afraid to try and I shall succeed," and in the light of the slowly rising moon the upturned face was angelic in its sweetness and purity.

"I want to be married beneath the old bullet-riddled flag—my namesake, you know—for you see your little Glory has found something to do for her country."

And so it was all settled, and when Jim is able to return to the New England village among the hills he will find waiting what he has already won—Glory—his bride, a soldier's daughter.—*Emogene Manchester, in Chicago Record.*

### TABLE MANNERS.

Wait of the Man Who Carves for a Large Family.

"A Veteran" writes to the Listener of the Boston Transcript to complain of table manners in these later days, incidentally protesting against the hard lot of the father who has to carve for a large family: "In the old way we are taught to wait until the carving and helping was done before beginning to dispose of the food, out of respect to the carver, and so that he might have a chance to get something to eat and not come out behind all others at the table, but modern table manners seem to have changed all that, and if the carver gets anything to eat he is lucky. Modern table manners also do not appear to regard it as any way inappropriate to have a newspaper at hand to occupy the time at table. The old way was to occupy the time in lively conversation, and reading a paper or book was disrespectful. In modern table manners there seems no individuality in lighting a cigarette at the table or in adjourning to the hall to smoke one while the table is being cleared for dessert. There are many other innovations in modern table manners which might be noted, but I think many of the old ways best."

The Listener gives the old grumbler comfort. "It is a queer father of a family who expects to carve and get anything to eat. The size of the roast may be simply prodigious, but even if the young people at the table who were first served do not come around for a second helping by the time the last person is served the first time the roast will probably by that time have got into the shagreened and refractory condition peculiar to roasts, which will incline the carver to content himself with a little bread and gravy—or at least to take the edges off the joints or hanger with something of that sort, while he is organizing a second assault on the roast for the benefit of the others."

### Not All the Gold in Klondike.

Within my little cottage,  
Are peace and warmth and light,  
And loving welcome waiting.  
When I come home at night,  
The polished kettle's steaming,  
The snowy cloth is spread—  
And close against my shoulder  
There leans a smooth brown head!  
Her eyes are lit with laughter  
(They light the world for me—  
"For how much would you sell me?"  
Now, tell me, air," cries she,  
"Is then I answer, somehow,  
Between a smile and tear:  
"Not for all the gold in Klondike!  
The gold in Klondike, dear!"

When the cozy tea is over,  
With many a frolic fond,  
I sit and read my paper,  
And from the room beyond  
I hear the clink of china,  
The tread of nimble feet,  
And broken bits of singing  
That somehow ripple sweet.  
I hear a rush and rattle  
Behind my easy chair;  
Short, chubby arms enfold me  
And choke me unaware!  
Into my arms is tumbled  
A crinkled golden head,  
A ball of fluffy whiteness  
That ought to be in bed.  
She asks her mother's question—  
I kiss the answer clear—  
"Not for all the gold in Klondike!  
The gold in Klondike, dear!"

In dim and dusty office  
I dig my bits of gold;  
I suffer not with hunger  
Nor perish with the cold.  
My nuggets need be tiny  
(I dig them with a pen,  
But the Yukon's golden gravel  
I leave for other men.  
My treasure lies exhaustless,  
My claim is staked with care;  
What is all the gold in Klondike  
Since I'm love's millionaire?  
—*Leslie's Weekly.*

### Out of the Frying Pan.

A 70-year-old lover at Coventry, England, finding as the wedding day drew near that he had not money enough to pay the expenses, drowned himself in a pond.

Why do you call them "congress" gatters? Did any one who ever went to Congress wear them.

Some worthless people devil you so much that you are compelled finally to pay attention to them.

After a man reaches 70, he begins to get small and dwindle away almost as fast as a cake of soap.

### GALLANTRY WON HIM A WIFE.

Cowboy Hides Twenty Miles to Get a Dress for a Girl from the East.

"And now he's one of them there millionaires," mused the grizzled frontiersman whose relatives had induced him to come back for a brief visit in a center of civilization. "I see it right here in the paper. He owns railroad stock, mining stock and lots of other stock. I knowed that there same Henry M. Holden when he done nothin' but punch stock for other people out on the plains. He was a genuine cowboy, and as fast a feller in a round-up as I ever see."

"You must be mistaken, uncle." "Nothin' of the kind. When I talk about people you kin bet I'm allus dead certain of my facts. We called him Hank them days, and he was jist as handsome a youngster as ever throwed his leg over a saddle. Jist by puttin' things together as they kin out I learned as how he was a college graduate and was goin' so fast a clip and scatterin' the old man's money so rapid that they sent him out there fur to git a schoolin' in economy and build up ag'in. He was soon the favorite on all the ranches 'bout there, fur he was squar as a die and not afraid of nothin'."

"Well, this here girl what he married kin out fur to stay fur a while on her dad's cattle range, that jined ours. Some of the swell people up to Leadtown, twenty miles away, what knowed her people, gave a ball fur her. Her and her dad went over in the cool of the forenoon, and after dinner was in a lawyer's office talkin'. It seems Hank got some money from that same lawyer once a month and was there too. He heard the ole man laughin' and tellin' her the ole kin away from the range with the wrong valise, leavin' her ball dress alind, and her 'most crazy about it. Hank never says a word, but jumps on his horse, goes that twenty miles as though hujins was after him, gits the dress, changes critters, makes the run back and throws the girl into a fit of happiness when he delivers the goods on time. A year's courtin' wouldn't have made him so solid. The very next winter they was married. Hank was as steady as a deacon, both ole men boosted him, and now you see where he is."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### TELEGRAPH WITHOUT WIRE.

Time Is Coming When Messages Will Leap Through Space.

This is the way the telegraph pole of the future will look. Moreover, there will not be lines of telegraph wires stretching across country and making the distant sky look like a music chart. Wireless telegraphy is



MESSAGES LEAP THROUGH SPACE.

coming in. Already on the Isle of Wight they have a wireless telegraphy plant. Messages leap from a pole like this one at Alum Bay, fourteen miles through space, to Bournemouth. A man named Marconi is responsible for the wireless system of telegraphy.

### German Army's Colored Bandmaster

Sabac el Cher is the only colored bandmaster in the German army. He is at the head of the music corps of the Royal Prussian regiment of grenadiers King Frederick III. (No. 1 East Prussian), which garrisons Koentigsberg, Prussia. Sabac el Cher is said to be remarkably handsome. His father was born in lower Egypt. Prince Albrecht of Prussia found him at the court of the Khedive and brought him to Berlin. He married a German woman. Sabac el Cher played the violin when he was 8 years old and received an excellent musical education. The band is in great demand.

### Plea for Beer on Sundays.

An extraordinary argument for Sunday opening was quoted by one of the speakers recently at a temperance convention. He related that at a public meeting once held in Coventry, England, an orator urged that public houses should be opened at noon on Sunday, in order that workmen should have an opportunity of discussing together the sermons they had heard in the morning.

### Pretty Custom in Japan.

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of the fruit trees by a general holiday.

A good figure in youth, "comes flab by fat in middle age."



## SHEEP NONSENSE.

"I wonder what kind of a fish it is?" "Geel! I'll bet it's a corker!"—*Puck.*

Willy—Say, pa, what's a floathin' deat? Pa—Our yacht, my son.—*Chicago News.*

"The only trouble with my profession," said an ex-convict, "is that it is apt to be rather a confining one."—*Harper.*

She—Why do they call the State penitentiary Sing Sing? He—Because of the jail birds therein, I guess.—*Cornell Widow.*

Hewitt—How did you queer yourself with that French girl, Lovitt—I asked her to dance the german with me.—*Judge.*

Governess—D-a-m—dam, a thing to keep back water. Young pupil—When papa says it, mamma always cries.—*London Sketch.*

The father—What proof have you that you can support my daughter? The aspirant—Haven't I been engaged to her for over a year.—*Puck.*

"Borrowing is a disease," said Bigbee, in self-justification. "And lending is insanity," replied Small, significantly.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Why, Julia, how the waist of your frock smells of tin." "Yes, mamma; poor Mr. Rutledge of the Naval Reserve has been biddin' me good-bye again."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Ella—Where was it George proposed to you last week? Essie—At a hop. Ella—And you accepted him? Essie—At a jump.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"I see that glass bricks are coming into general use," said the popular science boarder. "They won't invade the gold-brick field," said the cheerful idler; "they are too easily seen through."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "to always tell the truth?" "Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."—*Washington Star.*

Harty—Good many years since we've seen each other, Jack; remember how we used to live from hand to mouth in college? Jack—Yes, that's still the case with me. Harty—How so? Jack—I'm a dentist.—*Boston Courier.*

He wondered if that Williams has ever been accepted—are both your rings hidious? She (concealing the hand)—Oh, dear, yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer and (blushing) only dates from the conquest.—*Harlem Life.*

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find; but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning," the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"What excuse, if it were possible to have any excuse for such conduct, have you for beating your wife?" asked the Judge. "She flung it in my face that I didn't care a rap for her," pleaded the prisoner, "and I just gave her one to show her her error."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Teacher (of juvenile class)—Johnnie, what was the first thing the Puritans did when they landed at Plymouth Rock? Johnnie—They fell upon their knees. Teacher—That's right, Johnnie. Now, Tommy, what was the next thing they did? Tommy—Fell upon the aboriginals.—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Young—I dreamt last night that mother was coming to stay with me for a month. Mr. Young—Ah! dear me, dreams always go by contraries. Mrs. Young—And I also dreamt that you said I couldn't have a new dress. Mr. Young—If I'm funny, isn't it, how true some dreams come?—*Pick-Me-Up.*

"That," exclaimed the Spanish general, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "is one of the narrowest escapes I have had for some time." "What is the matter?" inquired his aid. "See this typewritten page? I said in fiction that I was 'seeking light,' and the amanuensis got it 'seeking light'!"—*Washington Star.*

"My fortune is made!" he cried. "I will be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. I shall start for the Klondike to-morrow. My chemistry will be my salvation." "How so; have you discovered a compound that will aid in the detection of gold deposits?" "No; I have invented a yeast that will make six loaves of bread from the flour ordinarily required for one."—*Up-to-Date.*

Widower—I say, my dear friend, have you ever been here before? Burglar—No, sir. Widower—Well, would you mind coming around quite often—say once or twice a week—and going through my trousers, just as you are doing now? You don't know how much you remind me of my dear departed wife, Angeline. It seems almost as if she were alive again. Good-night, my friend—God bless you!—*Judge.*

### "HEARD THE NEWS?" HE INQUIRED, EXCITEDLY.

plainly evident they did not look for any such a miracle and would be almost disappointed if the united prediction of the neighborhood should prove untrue.

Notwithstanding the shadow of her name little Glory thrived and grew so sweet and winsome that even passing strangers would stop to pat the crown of golden curls and gaze into the perfect face.

Nothing pleased her childish fancy more than to hear tales of the upholding of the old flag, and oftentimes with shining eyes she would stroke the empty sleeve and look up into the weather-beaten face she loved so well and wonder "what a little girl like Glory Price could ever do to serve her country."

"Be a true soldier's daughter," her father would reply; "for some day the union may need strong men and brave women again, you know."

The years came and went, bringing with them a rare and perfect womanhood for the old soldier's daughter. She was still Glory Price, for to one after another she had said "No," scarcely realizing that her heart was adroit with one who was serving under the old flag, until she read that the battleship Maine—Jim's ship—had been ordered to Havana harbor to protect American interests there. Unshed tears trembled in the blue eyes at the thought that perhaps she should not see him again, and, started at what she read in her own heart, Glory flung herself upon her little white bed in an agony of tears.

But Jim did come, just to say good-bye, and, as he strode up to the old Price

ling a lover had made his Glory so dim. Time passed, still the shadow of ill seemed never to lighten.

On that February morning when the world was appalled at the horrible disaster to the Maine Glory went into the kitchen to give the order to the grocery clerk.

"Heard the news?" he inquired, excitedly; "battleship Maine is blown up and everybody on board is killed—but what's the matter? Help!" he shouted, for the shadow had darkened, and Glory was granted the blessing of unconsciousness.

Then came the horrible days of waiting for the official reports, and finally it was found that Jim was alive, but horribly mangled and burned, and Glory knew from the dispatches that he was maimed for life.

Honest John Price and his wife grieved over the change in their daughter, who was but a ghost of her former self.

At last a letter came from Jim, only two or three blurred lines, and then Glory seemed to change.

With almost a return of her old-time brightness, she went about her household duties until the twilight came, and then, drawing a parent on either side of her, Glory began, half-timidly:

"I want to ask you both to consent to my marrying Jim as soon as he returns. I want to care for this mangled and injured one and nurse him back to what health remains for him; I promised to be true to him, and I meant it," and she looked pleadingly at both parents. "But, Glory dear, he can never sup-



# WEALTH OF THE YUKON.

Ten to Fifteen Millions of Dollars Will Be Cleaned Up This Year—Dawson City, With Ten Thousand People, Is the Greatest Mining Camp in the World—The Greatest Known Gravel Deposit—What the Districts Show.

The output of the mines of the Yukon district this year, while it has reached between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, has disappointed even the more conservative estimates made last fall, and based on the prospects then existing. Three things have contributed to shorten this spring's clean up: The Canadian royalty, lack of men and lack of strengthening food. One of the most prominent civil engineers on the Pacific coast, who has spent this winter in the mines, has said:

"Considering the fact that less than 2,000 poorly fed men have gotten out this winter almost \$15,000,000, the Klondike has made a showing that entitles it to consideration as the greatest gravel deposit in extent and richness in the world. The placer mines of California in early days are its only rivals."

The great riches of claims on French, Chief, Little and Big Skookum gulches are the wonder of mining men in the interior of Alaska. A claim owner on French gulch offers a standing bet of \$20,000 that he can rock out of his claim, single-handed, \$5,000 on any given day. The benches are old river beds, which have been broken up by an eruption of the earth. A continuation of the old river bed has been found near Hunker creek, and while little prospecting has been done, it is thought that it will turn out very well.

Klondike and Bonanza creeks have proven all that was expected of them. Much more could be seen in actual results if the clean-up had been completed this spring. But hope that the royalties may be called off, and the early drying up of the water which could be used in sluicing, has caused many big claim owners to leave about a third of the dirt taken out on the dump. The wash-up has been completed on very few claims, and on fewer still can a statement be obtained as to the real amount of the clean-up. This makes it impossible to state positively the output of the mines.

Of the less known streams, Dominion creek is giving evidence of mineral deposits which may make it known as the richest strike yet made. The conflict of claims, owing to the two discoveries allowed, is about settled, and there is nothing to interfere with the development of the mines. Hunker creek is rich in placer, but, unlike the rest of the country, is spotted. Gold bottom is not turning out as well as expected. Many other creeks which promise well have not been sufficiently developed to make an estimate of their wealth safe.

So many are the disadvantages in mining in the Northwest territory that attention is being once more directed

to mines on the American side. It is believed that many surprises are in store in this direction. Forty-mile creek has been relocated and many new claims recorded. Chicken creek, which has been known for the last two years, but not worked, will be developed this year. Canyon, Nugget gulch and Franklin creeks and the bars on Forty-mile will be worked by the hydraulic process, and there will be a good camp at the mouth of the river within two years.

American creek, 40 miles down from Forty-mile, is known as good; the ground is high and well laid out. Pans are taken running from 50 cents to \$5. The Mission creek district has three formations—placer, quartz and coal. At its mouth is Eagle City, in which will be established the United States barracks and the custom house.

Twenty miles below Eagle City is Star City, guarding the mouth of Seventy-mile river. The bars of this river have been worked for many years. On Barney creek, from three to six ounces to the day has been taken for the last three years. The other tributaries are as good as Barney, but it is only now, when people are spreading out, that much work will be done. A number of men are now at Star City getting their outfit up to the mines.

From Seventy-mile to Circle City has been prospected, and creeks are found here and there which give good indications. Coal and Sheep creeks promise especially well, and also the Charley river.

Circle City has been practically deserted since the rush to Dawson but the riches of Mastodon, Independence, Eagle, Deadwood and a dozen lesser gulches in the Birch creek district will revive the town. A moderate fortune can be made in that district in two years of hard work. Miners are returning to Birch creek from Dawson. They appreciate a district in which there is no royalty, no wood and log tax and no timber grants.

Across from Circle City is Jefferson creek, which is now being prospected for its whole length. It will be cheaply worked, because of being so readily accessible to the Yukon river.

Farther down is the Minook creek district, which has been thoroughly advertised this year. It has developed some claims which have paid \$27,000, \$25,000 and \$15,000 for the winter's work. The country is to a great extent an unknown quantity. The discovery of Idaho bar, from which men have taken out \$100 a day with a rocker, is a great boom for the district, and the prospects of the camp are extremely bright.

A great country will be opened up in the Koyukuk. It has been known to miners for 10 years, and no pros-

pector who went in there has failed to bring out a good grubstake. The territory to be worked is of a vast extent, and offers many opportunities to the new comer. Tanana, Kuskokwim and Chander rivers have all been brought prominently to the notice of mining men this year. All things considered, the American side would seem to be the place of the future.

As for Dawson City itself, it is unquestionably the greatest mining camp in the world. Frank Canton, United States deputy marshal in Circle City, and in former years an officer of the peace in many of the largest camps of the West, has said that nothing he has ever seen approaches Dawson as a model mining camp. Accustomed as he has been to dealing with the roughest class of criminals, his commendation of Dawson, as a law-abiding town, has great weight. The sidewalks are crowded with men and women from morning to night. People are even forced to walk in the middle of the streets to make progress. It is a great jumble of the good and the bad, and the only pledge of respectability required is regular attendance at church. Dawson's population has grown until it is now between 8,000 and 10,000.

Nine-tenths of the newcomers are not in the country to work, and when they find that success in the Klondike can only be bought by hard labor, they will be ready to come out. A great exodus of unsuccessful men will take place this fall, and the cities of the Pacific coast, to which these people will go, will be overrun with a rough, desperate and altogether undesirable class. They are now in Dawson as the advance guard of the more substantial men to follow. It is a repetition of the history of Circle City. When the Birch creek mines were discovered, two years ago, double the usual invoice of people went there, but soon left disgusted. Had they remained, they would have been in on the ground floor in the Klondike discovery.

## The Cuban Machete.

Much has been said of the terrible machete, a deadly weapon indeed in the hands of a desperate man, and when used against a defenseless person. The machete was never intended for a weapon of warfare; it is an instrument of husbandry, carried by the Cuban peasant in times of peace, and is his one familiar daily companion. It cuts his fire wood, aids him in building his hut, hews his path through the mangrove, and performs many other offices. The machete is a straight, heavy blade about two feet long, with a wooden or bone handle, having no guard; consequently it is utterly unsuited as a weapon to be used in a conflict with an armed man. The Cuban, of course, by reason of his long familiarity with the instrument, is an adept in its use, and its effect upon a group of unarmed workmen is truly terrible. It is in the toady against the defenseless and unarmed that the most serious work of the machete has been done in the island of Cuba—"Cuba as seen from the inside," by Osgood Welsh, in the August Century.

Strategic Value of Porto Rico.  
Mr. Frederick A. Ober writes an article for the August Century on "The Island of Porto Rico." Mr. Ober says: Until it was discovered that Porto Rico possessed great value as a "strategic center" of naval operations, the fair isle slumbered undisturbed, merely a link, and no important one, in the emerald chain that separates the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Suddenly naval folk became aware of its importance; they saw that while it borders on the Caribbean sea, yet it breathes the rough Atlantic waters; that it is equidistant, or about 1,000 miles, from Key West and Colon; from New York 1,500 miles, which is half the distance from Cadiz; 1,300 from Newport News, which is half the distance to the Canaries. It lies, in fact, at the very point that we should have selected for a coaling station, had we unrestricted choice of location. All the arguments that have been advanced for the acquisition of the island of St. Thomas, 50 miles distant, and for which at one time we were almost ready to pay seven million dollars, apply with tenfold force to Porto Rico, with its six good harbors to the one of St. Thomas, and its commercial as well as strategical potentialities.

## LOST HIS LIFE SAVING OTHERS.

A country boy visiting New York stopped a runaway team that was about to dash on the sidewalk where there were hundreds of women and children. He saved their lives, but lost his own. Hundreds of lives are saved every year by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. People who are fast going to their graves with disorders of stomach, liver, bowels and blood are brought back to good health by it. All the sick should try it.

Gov. McCord has received indefinite leave of absence from his duties as the executive of Arizona, and will take command as colonel of the regiment of infantry now being recruited in the four territories.

## TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

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Railway building in Africa is proceeding with wonderful rapidity considering the difficulty and expensiveness of most of the enterprises.

## WAGONS IMPROVED.

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Additional Locals and Items of Interest.

Mr. William's conduct has been ex-  
emplary of late.

Boy Cole is all right, but is not an or-  
ator by any means.

Four bit cigars are none too good for  
Bachelor Club banquets.

Mrs. E. P. Loomis called and sub-  
scribed for the News last Monday.

Mrs. McCloud, of Howan, is in the  
city visiting friends and relatives.

The Dirigo came into this port Sun-  
day night bringing the Seattle papers of the 6th.

The Cottage City called at the Mc-  
Kinnon wharf last Monday forenoon.  
She was on her way South.

Mr. Marshall donated a duck to the  
poor printer, which will help to keep  
starvation away for awhile.

The Sabbath school had an atten-  
dance of 62 last Sunday. Miss Spar-  
hawk makes a good superintendent.

Wild ducks and geese are plentiful in  
the Fort Wrangel market. They ought  
to be, for two men brought in 100 last  
Monday.

If Marshal Grant keeps up his pres-  
ent gait for a little while longer, he will  
have the best and most convenient  
residence in the city.

The Strathcona having finished her  
summer's work on the Stikeen went to  
Port Simpson, where she will receive a  
general overhauling to put her in shape  
for next season.

The tug boat Czar, of Victoria, B. C.,  
came in Saturday night and tied up at  
the Davidge wharf. Sunday afternoon  
she took the snagboat Samson in tow  
and started for the south.

The disturbance on North Front  
Street last Friday night was not only  
disagreeable, but should not occur  
again. The parties concerned and  
some others know that such perform-  
ances bring trouble.

Mrs. E. P. Loomis and her little son  
who have been visiting in Topeka, Kan.,  
for the last four months returned to  
their home in this city last Wednesday.  
Mr. Loomis' face is overspread with  
smiles of gladness.

C. O. Bates and L. R. Manning, of  
Tacoma, and W. R. Gikerson and Cap-  
tain Flynn, of Seattle, who came up to  
Fort Wrangel to attend the sale of the  
Skagit Chief and the Glenora, departed  
for their homes on the City of Seattle.

Mrs. W. G. Thomas left Monday, via  
the steamship Dirigo, for Juneau, where  
she will join her husband who has been  
at Kodiak—to the westward—for some  
years. From Juneau they will go to  
Sitka, where Mr. Thomas will make his  
report, after which they will return to  
their home in Fort Wrangel.

The failure on the part of the de-  
partment at Washington to accept the  
offer of a building tendered for court  
purposes at Juneau will practically de-  
lay the term of court a month and  
should no suitable place for holding  
the prisoners be provided the criminal  
term may yet be held in Sitka.—Sitka  
Alaskan.

The social at the church last Thurs-  
day evening was well attended and a  
very enjoyable affair. The program  
was good and consisted chiefly in mu-  
sic. Capt. Willson, as usual, furnished  
a large share of the amusement for the  
children by his inimitable singing. The  
performers all deserve credit for the  
evening's pleasure.

Last Friday evening a woman was  
put off the Topeka at the McKinnon  
wharf, who appeared to be demented.  
Dropping her bundles on the edge of  
the wharf she was about to spring off,  
into the waters of the bay, when Jack  
Collins jumped forward and grabbed  
her just in time to save her. She was  
taken in charge by Marshal Grant.

Last Friday evening, Mr. Bruno Greif  
invited the Bachelor's Club over to his  
place on Front street and proceeded to  
fill them up with chicken sandwiches,  
and so forth, and as there was a good  
deal of the "and so forth," the enthusi-  
asm ran proportionately high. The  
boys are slowly recovering and one and  
all agree that Bruno Greif is without a  
peer as an entertainer.

Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday.  
Ada E. Sparhawk, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Society, prayer  
meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wake-  
field, President.

Song service 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Mrs.  
Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Friday.  
Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett  
and James W. Young, Elders. All are  
invited. Seats Free.

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